

ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL

GENERAL MONTGOMERY, in addressing the allied war-correspondents at his Normandy headquarters recently, has spoken words which deserve to echo round the world and to stand among the imperishable records of these great days.

"I do emphasise the team spirit," he said, "of this business—the three teams on three fronts all doing their best; and I reckon that the proper motto for everybody is All for One and One for All. Inside this team here that spirit is very clearly defined. It is General Eisenhower's team, and we have that motto."

General Eisenhower himself said when he was congratulated on having so many armies under his command, "Unless there is one team we lose."

Thus have great leaders always spoken when the issues have been so enormous that personal prestige and pride are swallowed up in the overwhelming task. Men's individual affairs which in days of ease can be leisurely considered become of small moment when faced with the final challenge of the common task.

The Essence of Great Leadership

It was so when Sir Francis Drake, in 1578, greeted his men with the words, "I must have the gentlemen to haul with the mariners, and the mariners with the gentlemen. Let us show ourselves to be one company." It was so at Trafalgar when Nelson bade his men remember England and their duty to her. It is so in Normandy today as the Generals of the one team amass their men and equipment for the great blow against German might. It is "All for one and one for all."

HERE is the essence of great leadership. It is the art of drawing out from the common man that steel-like loyalty which will remain firm and true against all odds. Ordinary men will dare any hazard and reckon life itself of small account if they have faith in the leadership which has brought them to their hour of decision. No army fights only with its weapons, however magnificent they are. There must be that something more which General Montgomery calls Confidence. "The great thing in all this fighting is confidence. If you have complete confidence existing, then results are terrific," he says. It is that confidence between leaders and men which only those in the team understand and which mounts to those rare realms of intimate loyalty and obedience that fire devotion and inspire courage.

The Glory of the Common Purpose

So it is now with the hosts on the fields of Normandy. They are "All for one and one for all." They stand and fight as one army, and like one team on a field of play they pass down the field intent on winning the day and reaping a general glory for all the members. Guns are useless without men, men are inadequate without guns. The artillery, the infantry, the air squadrons, all the forces that contribute to the army's equipment have been welded into one compact and mighty whole. There is unity in planning, unity in action, and unity in victory.

There are no disputations on the fields of Normandy about the greater glory of this

man or that man. Here is the glory of the common purpose and the renown of being in the team. The overriding comradeship of danger and possible death gives men an instant equality which glows with the fire of self-sacrifice and the warmth of dedicated comradeship. Men linked in this immortal relationship do not question each other's status or rank. They ask of a man no other qualification than his proven manhood—tried in the furnace of fierce battle. For this is the testing place of both leaders and men, where to live at the expense of your comrades is worse than death, and where to die for the sake of your comrades is to gain life immortal. Human life is irradiated then with the wonder of another world, and the majesty of earth takes on something of the final glory of heaven.

Let There Be One Team Always

France's fields are again shining with the ancient splendour with which Shakespeare clothed them in Henry the Fifth:

*Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies.
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.*

FROM high and humble homes, from the farm and the factory, from the rich and the poor a great citizen army strives towards the peerless prize of a free Europe. It is, in General Montgomery's words, "the nation, the whole nation, fighting here in Normandy." We at home feel that, too, and our pride is unbounded in the vast array of young men who assault the forces of evil in Normandy.

But the "one team" has this added touch of glory about it: Its members, although they speak the same tongue, are of the two great branches of the English-speaking world. The Stars and Stripes fly alongside the Union Jack, and the comradeship of the two races of America and Britain is deepened in the glory of this common enterprise. There is one team now. Let there be one team always.

A Triumphant and Lasting Peace

The team now playing the desperate game of war in France with such daring decisiveness may be the foreshadowing of an equally daring team that will play the patient and intricate game of peace-making and peace-keeping. We shall need then the same motto "All for one and one for all." The deathless qualities of self-sacrifice, dedication, and leadership which mark the present campaign will be needed in the fields of peace. What is possible now must not be allowed to disappear in the hour of victory. The young men who have created this comradeship in arms must be allowed to create the new partnership in peace so that the splendours of a new team may dawn on the horizons of the world. A team which will walk the highways of the new day as undauntedly as it stormed the beaches of Normandy.

ONLY this continued vision of "All for one and one for all," which Eisenhower and Montgomery now see in the spirit of their assembled hosts, can achieve victory now. It alone will achieve and secure a triumphant and lasting peace.

EVERY
TUESDAY
3d

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

POSTAGE
Inland 1d
Abroad 4d
No 1324

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE



The Man on the Bridge

Lieutenant H. R. Walker, R N V R, on the bridge of his minesweeper, BYMS 2079, as she sets out for a Channel sweep ahead of an Allied convoy bound for Normandy.

AS IN TUDOR DAYS

THE flying bombs have wrought havoc among the windows of many buildings in Southern England, and in some districts there is some delay in their replacement by glass, so glaziers are adopting today various expedients that recall the practices common down to Tudor days.

Until then cathedrals, churches, and houses of the wealthy commonly had windows, not of glass, but of oiled linen tightly stretched on wooden frames. This material too is among wartime scarcities, so, having used most of what we had, Southern England is cheerfully content

with window-coverings such as tarred felt—as the odour in the room heartily announces when the sun warms the windows.

Down to the time of Queen Elizabeth glass windows were regarded as possessions so precious and individual that they were not inherited by law with the rest of an estate. Their owner could will them away from the rest of the property that went to his heir. Such windows, consisting of glass in movable casements, could be transferred bodily to the dwelling of whomsoever their owner desired to honour and benefit.

The Nobler Remembrance

THE CN has already made its plea for more worthy, more practical, and more noble memorials to our heroes of this war than those set up after the Great War. And we can think of no finer example of this nobler memorial than the Richard Ormonde Shuttleworth Remembrance Trust.

This Trust will administer the 7000-acre Shuttleworth estate at Old Warden in Bedfordshire, which will become a college for

youth and thereby perpetuate the memory of a hero—Pilot Officer R. O. Shuttleworth, famous as a racing motorist, who lost his life in an air crash in 1940 at the age of 31.

British youth serves—and lays down its life—for worthy causes in order that British youth may continue to serve worthily; and this college will be endowed so that boys may be trained in aviation, agriculture, and forestry. A noble remembrance!

THE THIEVES ARE FALLING OUT

THE recent dramatic events in Germany and Japan should stir all of us in the freedom-loving nations to even more strenuous exertions. For when the counsels of the foe are divided then is the hour to deliver the shattering blow.

In the same week last month both the leading protagonists of our enemies were challenged from within. General Tojo, the treacherous Premier and war leader of Japan, was dismissed from his high offices, and even more ruthless leaders appointed in General Koiso and Admiral Yonai. Whether these service chiefs will stem the avenging approach of America and her Allies is doubtful, so stupendous has been progress in the Pacific.

In the heart of Germany Adolf Hitler has met, and for a time defeated, a challenge to his régime which was not entirely unexpected, so dismally had he failed in his self-appointed post as Commander-in-Chief of the armies in the field.

From the lakes of Finland to the Carpathian mountains the Red Army of Liberation had been, and still is, swiftly and remorselessly thrusting back the Nazi invaders toward the very frontiers of the Fatherland itself. In Italy General Alexander's soldiers of many nations have been hastening their progress northward through difficult country; in Normandy General Montgomery has made slow but steady progress. In all these major campaigns the toll of the Germans in men and armaments has been unprecedented; within a month the Russians alone had over a score of generals in the bag. In the occupied countries, too, resistance by the underground patriots has flared up and brought disaster to the usurpers.

These cumulative defeats cannot but have lowered the prestige of Hitler in the eyes of that well-established Prussian military caste whose well-trained members have never failed to understand the true implications of victory and defeat in the field. These skilled advisers have frequently been flouted by Hitler and other upstart Nazis who hold political power in the Reich.

HE SPENT HIMSELF IN SERVICE

FIFTY-FIVE years ago William Strang, a young Scotsman, came from Glasgow to London, where after working 45 years he retired with the old age pension, and devoted himself to the allotments for the unemployed run by the Society of Friends.

But this keen, energetic old Scotsman will now no longer be going round the allotments in London, Middlesex, and Buckinghamshire—for he was the administrator for these areas—nor will "the Quaker gardener," as he was known, be seen at his experimental plot at the London Zoo, for he passed away at Acton last month.

Once at an agricultural show he said in his broad Glaswegian to the Queen that Scotland, too, had a committee for helping the unemployed with allotments. Her Majesty laughed and said, "Yes, we Scottish people like to be independent."

William Strang was certainly independent and an individualist. But he spent himself in service.

The news that certain Generals had revolted and even attempted the life of Hitler was given to the world by the Nazis themselves and therefore was their "coloured" version, so that as we write the full story is not known.

But the fact that Hitler himself hastened to broadcast that Providence had spared his life established the seriousness of the challenge. Hitler spoke of usurpers, warned all the armed forces against taking orders from them, and forthwith appointed Himmler, the terrorist, as Commander-in-Chief of all the forces within the Reich. Admiral Doenitz underlined Hitler's warning to the Navy, and General Goering to the Luftwaffe. Three days later General Guderian, whom Hitler had appointed the Army Chief of Staff, broadcast the loyalty of the army—which had "carried out a self-purge and eliminated the sordid elements." Meanwhile, Himmler and the Gestapo had conducted a manhunt for—in Hitler's words—"that clique of traitors and destroyers" who had emerged "at long last."

Thus the Nazis have, with the ruthlessness shown in the Party purge of 1934, established their domination over people and armed forces; yet this revolt clearly indicates that all is far from well in this State which is now to become "more authoritarian than ever." The opposition to the Nazis, however—and this must be emphasised—was formed by that Prussian military caste which has the same outlook on the world as the Nazis. The aim of both is world domination gained by the sword. Both must be utterly rooted out and destroyed by the Allies before peace can reign for any length of time in Europe. Consequently we must not relax our every effort until this task has been ruthlessly completed.

The New Vice-President?

IF President Roosevelt is elected for a fourth term he will have with him as Vice-President Senator Harry Truman of Missouri.

Mr Truman has been nominated for the post by the Democratic Convention. Little known outside United States politics, he is a man of 60 and first entered the Senate ten years ago. In the next few years great decisions affecting world history will have to be made, with the United States playing a leading part; and it would fall to Mr Truman, if Roosevelt were elected again, to represent his country in the unhappy event of President Roosevelt being unable to do so.

DOCKYARD HERO

ONLY those who have seen a welder in full kit busy at work on a ship under repair can fully realise the heroism of Norman Brown, of South Shields. While engaged in this work the other day he jumped into Jarrow dock to the help of a fellow-workman who had fallen into the water—a truly gallant rescue!

John Ruskin's Home

JOHN HOWARD WHITEHOUSE, valiant worker in the cause of education, and indeed a friend of all good causes, in 1933 acquired Brantwood, John Ruskin's home at Coniston, and in the following year opened it to the public. Now he has offered to give it to the permanent trusteeship of Oxford University.

Mr Whitehouse, who is an authority on Ruskin, and a few years ago wrote a book on the great critic-reformer and his home, has collected many of his pictures and personal relics; and these, too, with an estate of over 170 acres, are offered as part of a permanent memorial to Ruskin.

It is wonderful news, for Brantwood is still much as John Ruskin knew it. The grounds are the same, running a mile along the side of Lake Coniston, the heights and the sheltered gardens gay with flowers. Here are the walks he delighted in, there are the rooms he lived in, and dreamed in. Here are his books. Here is the room in which he died—here the very bed he died in.

Fitting it will be if Oxford accepts this gift, for it was from Brantwood that John Ruskin went forth to Oxford to deliver his famous lectures; and it was to Brantwood he came back, weary, and, indeed, worn out by his activities as social reformer.

In Oxford, Ruskin College (which was founded by his American admirers to carry out his gospel of honest work) keeps his memory green; and it is pleasant to think that Ruskin's beloved home in the Lake District may soon come for ever under the wing of Oxford University.

FOR FRANCE

FRANCE has lost a servant and England a friend. With those words did General de Gaulle pay a last tribute to Pierre Viénot, the French Ambassador, who has died over here at the age of 47.

Pierre Viénot fought and bled for his country during the Great War, when only 17, and later he served her as a most able politician. When war broke out again he once more joined the army; and when France fell he went off to Morocco to try to continue the struggle.

Betrayed by General Noguès, he was taken back to France, there to serve more than one term of imprisonment before finally escaping to Britain. He arrived in this country in the spring of 1943, and soon afterwards became Ambassador of the French Committee.

Valiantly and tactfully did Pierre Viénot labour for the French cause, and his pride in the reviving spirit of France was manifest to all. He went across to Normandy with General de Gaulle, and he returned to work with fresh heart. But, alas, it was not to be for long—Pierre Viénot had worn himself out for his beloved France, and he laid down his life for her as surely as any soldier on the battlefield.

Look & Listen Before You Cross the Road

LITTLE NEWS REELS

THE Bank of England had its 250th birthday on July 27.

The Government are setting aside £150,000,000 for the building of temporary houses up to October 1947.

Six Devon villages used as a training ground by U S troops are now being restored.

Delegates of 44 nations at the international monetary conference at Bretton Woods have now made their recommendations to their respective governments.

Cornwall's flower fields this year produced 30,000 tons of new potatoes.

Twelve complete 500-book libraries and 1000 parcels of books were sent in one day to Normandy recently.

THE B B C Brains Trust and the American Information Please team will shortly meet in session.

Canada produces 13,000 wheeled vehicles every month.

Officials of the Governments of the U S, the Netherlands, and Britain are meeting in London to discuss rubber production problems.

The British War Relief Society of America has given £2500 for anti-aircraft soldiers fighting the flying bomb.

Liberation News Reel

PLANS for the occupation of the liberated countries by UNRRA have been completed.

On the first all-fighter shuttle raid, between Italy and Russia, American fighters destroyed 56 enemy planes.

American troops have landed on the Pacific island of Guam, and for the first time since Pearl Harbour they are fighting the Japanese on U S territory.

Fighting men who receive eye wounds now have 7 chances in 10 of being saved from blindness. This is due mainly to the sulphadrag.

About 60,000 German prisoners have been taken in Normandy.

A large proportion of air-crew candidates in the R A F V R, now on deferred service, are to be directed into the Army. A smaller number of R N V R men awaiting call-up are also affected.

Youth News Reel

TEN-YEAR-OLD George Hough, a Wolf Cub, went on serving Mass with his face cut by glass splintered by a flying bomb, and he was again present at the evening service. George has been congratulated by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster.

At Plymouth a grass fire, started by a discarded cigarette end, spread rapidly until an eleven-year-old Boy Scout tackled the flames with an improvised beater, a tin on the end of a pole, and eventually subdued the fire.

One day Nkana (Northern Rhodesia) Scouts and Cubs collected 112 motor tyres, 12 motor-cycle tyres, 34 bicycle tyres, 40 miscellaneous tubes, and quantities of household goods for the Colony's scrap rubber dumps.

When a family at Kirkland Lake, Ontario, lost their home in a fire, Boy Scouts, who were conducting a salvage drive, gave the proceeds toward rebuilding the home.

"It is up to you to create a society of brotherhood, without which a lasting peace will be impossible," said the Crown Prince of Norway when inspecting the 6th London Company of the Boys Brigade.

THINGS SEEN

A circus elephant in a Leicester street helping himself to many loaves of bread from a baker's van.

A pure white mole, at Duncricht, near Aberdeen.

A geranium 8½ feet tall with a mass of pink bloom in a garden at Norwich.

Viscount Gort, V C, Governor of Malta, will, on September 3, succeed Sir Harold MacMichael as High Commissioner for Palestine and Transjordan.

Two 13-year-old London twins, officially evacuated, made an unofficial return to their home 175 miles away.

THE flying bomb is being studied in America as well as in this country.

Dumfries Council are buying for £600 the house in which Robert Burns died.

Fifty thousand gallons of differently coloured paints have been made available to civilians.

5600 Gibraltar evacuees have gone from the South of England to Northern Ireland.

When a party of 44 war brides from the United Kingdom recently arrived in New Zealand they were presented with flower sprays by members of the Dominion's Women's Auxiliary Air Force who turned out in large numbers to greet their new fellow citizens.

American soldiers blinded in Normandy are being trained at St Dunstan's.

The story of the final triumph of the Allies in North Africa is told in Tunisia, published by the Stationery Office, price one shilling.

Four trains are being run daily on the first railway line put in action by the Allied Forces in France.

The provinces of Littoria and Frosinone, and the province and city of Rome, are to be handed over to the Italian Government on August 15.

Material and machinery from the rocket bomb sites are being used to rebuild Cherbourg.

The huge Zeppelin hangar at Friedrichshafen was completely destroyed in a recent Allied raid.

The present strength of the A T S is 200,000, but more recruits are being called for to release men for the fighting fronts.

An officer in Normandy left his jeep by a huge salvage dump while he searched for a certain spare part. When he returned he found that everything except the chassis of his jeep had been taken.

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The Conqueror

A TEACHER giving her class a Bible lesson on the Book of Joshua happened to remark: "And why should I call Joshua the General Montgomery of the Israelite Army?"

Quickly the answer came from a bright and up-to-date boy:

"Please, teacher, because he went in and possessed the land."

The Camel Goes West

A CAMEL, mascot of a sportive Russian division, is sharing the Red Army's march which, its masters fondly hope, will end in Berlin. It accompanied its owners from the far interior of the Russian steppes, and ambition at the outset soared no higher than the declared attempt to permit it to drink of the waters of the Beresina, then almost incredibly far away. That proud project achieved, the petted beast, succeeding to the time-honoured rôle of Felix the cat, keeps on walking—westward-ho!

We must wish this camel a happier experience than attended the first recorded appearance of camels in Europe. These, we are told by Herodotus, "the Father of History," were the camels

that carried the provisions of the mighty army of Xerxes for the invasion of Greece. They were set upon and devoured by lions, which spared both men and the other animals.

"I marvel," said the old historian, "what may have been the cause which compelled the lions to leave the other animals and attack the camels, when they had never seen the beast before nor had any experience of it."

The Russian camel now on the march may be exposed to perils, for is not the tiger wounded in his lair? But at least there will be no lions in its path deciding that first impressions are best and camel a dinnertime luxury.

FIRST THINGS FIRST

AN AIF Lieutenant-Colonel entered the hut of an American General in New Guinea.

In the outer room the second-in-command was busy at his desk.

"Is the General—" the Colonel began. The American officer hastily quietened him.

"She's here," he whispered.

The Australian blinked. "I only wanted to—" he said.

Again the American interrupted. "She's just come in. She usually goes into the General's office. Quiet!"

The Colonel stepped outside. A fat Black Orpington hen came waddling after him, cackling triumphantly. She was followed by the American holding a new-laid egg. "Never fails," he said. Now, sir, you were wanting—

Echoes From Norman Fields

LISTENING on a recent Sunday to an Army service coming over the wireless from Normandy, one CN reader found himself transported there in imagination centuries back in time.

For a month and more this summer we longed for fair weather for our unloading on the Norman beaches, and for full freedom of flight for our planes. But in 1066, also, a kingdom's destiny hung upon the weather. We all know that favouring breezes wafted the Norman host to Pevensey; less remembered is the fact that for 15 days previously the Normans, with ships, men, horses, and stores, all ready, were reduced to despair by winds that kept them in their harbours.

Then it was that prayers were raised in the Norman fields, prayers for a wind to England. With banners and censers, with hymns and supplications, Duke William led his praying legions through the fields and highways. Monks brought out their sacred relics, which were borne at the head of the marching worshippers.

At last the wind did change. Favouring southerly breezes, sustained throughout the voyage, brought the Norman ships with their armament and cavalry to the Sussex shore, and all the men of the host declared that their prayers had been answered, and that they were the favourites of heaven, predestined victors over the faithless English.

SUBSIDIES FOR HOUSES

THE Government, acting upon the report of a sub-committee of the Central Housing Advisory Committee, have decided to subsidise the building of houses by private enterprise during the early post-war period, subject to various conditions as to size, construction, selling price, and rental. Local authorities will be allowed to make advances of up to 90 per cent of the cost of building, for repayment over a maximum period of 30 years.

The very interesting report of the sub-committee, entitled Private Enterprise Housing, is on sale at one shilling.

SECRET ASSEMBLY

THE first international meeting of resistance leaders from all parts of Europe has recently taken place somewhere in Occupied Europe.

These representatives pledged themselves to seek out traitors and punish war criminals, and salute the memory of all European patriots. They also decided to keep in close contact with one another and give each other all possible aid in the common struggle and in the peace.

FIELD SERVICE

OPERATING from a field in Normandy, solely for the benefit of the Royal Air Force, is one of the largest general stores ever put on wheels.

This giant store, consisting of several large lorries, can supply anything from a reel of thread to an entire aeroplane engine. It supplies and carries 20,000 pieces of equipment and can replace any of these at remarkably short notice.

One section of this huge portable store, for instance, has a stock of over three tons of radio valves of 300 different types.

Living Off the Islands

A COURSE on "How to live off the land" was taken by a group of New Zealand soldiers in the Pacific not long ago. A missionary organised the course and about a dozen natives helped him to get the foods, fish, and other necessary things. One native was allotted to each group of four soldiers, and they were together for four days. The natives showed the soldiers the specimens, first, then the men had to collect them out of a native garden and cook them under the guidance of the "boy."



Back to the Farm

An American officer questioning a French farmer who returned to La Haye du Puits after its liberation from the Nazis. The farmer, a veteran of the last war, has dogs pulling a cart with a few of his belongings.

MIDGET SUBMARINE

WHEN General de Gaulle recently visited President Roosevelt at the White House he presented to the President a model submarine which would captivate the heart of any boy.

Made by skilled workers at the French Navy yard in Tunisia, the model is a yard long. It is wound up by two spring motors, and will dive, fire torpedoes, return to the surface, and fire little guns.

IN TRIBUTE

THE Lord Mayor of London recently received from the Lord Mayor of Melbourne this tribute to the people of Britain:

*Oh! men and women of England,
Salt of the stricken earth,
How shall we fathom your courage?
How shall we count your worth?
Seeing no tears in your travail,
Hearing no cry in your pain,
We of the blood stand silent,
Knowing our praise is vain.*

*But here on the holy tablets,
Deep graven within the shrines,
Of hearts that are yours for ever,
The tale of your glory shines.*

*See over the wrath-strewn waters,
There come from the outer lands,
Arms that would fold your children,
Hands that would grasp your hands.*

*On through the darkness, great hearts;
Fight the good fight and know
We are one with you till dawn
shall come,
And the trumpets of victory blow.*

CAPITALS LINKED

THE first non-stop flight from London to Washington has been made by a Douglas DC4 four-engined transport plane of the US Army Transport Command. The distance of 3800 miles between these capitals of the English-speaking nations was covered in 18 hours, at an average flying speed of over 210 m p h.

A Useful School Exercise

SEVENTY-TWO Sheffield school-children have prepared an exhibition to show by means of charts and diagrams what the post-war needs of this country and the world will be, and to endeavour to point out methods of getting round the difficulties.

Aged between 11 and 14, they are students at the Sheffield College of Arts and Crafts, and their exhibition won high praise from the Sheffield Director of Education, Dr W. P. Alexander, when it was opened recently.

Divided into six sections, the exhibition suggests the world's basic needs and potential raw

materials problems which must be overcome to rid the world of want, disease, ignorance, and war. In some cases maps and models show where the solutions to these problems lie.

Although the bulk of the work has been done in school time, several children have given up free hours to complete the work in leisure.

Dr Alexander said: "This exhibition is a whole series of questions It will leave the visitor seeking the answers. You cannot be educated unless you are left with questions to which you supply the replies."

PRECIOUS METAL

THE Victoria Cross, most prized of all British gallantry decorations, was instituted by Queen Victoria on January 29, 1856, during the Crimean War. Ever since all Victoria Crosses have been forged from the metal of captured Russian guns.

Though it was stated two years ago that this source had been exhausted, it has now been ascertained that 50 lbs of gunmetal is still untouched. Already some 1300 VCs have been awarded, nearly 100 in this war, and enough metal remains to make 800 more; each Cross weighs nearly one ounce.

KELLY PACK-UP

ALLIED planes operating from Normandy are being serviced from the contents of miniature repair depots known as Kelly Pack-Ups.

Each Kelly Pack-Up consists of some 200 boxes which together hold enough spare parts to service a group of Allied planes for 30 days.

These kits are invaluable on advance landing strips, where permanent full-size repair depots cannot be established for some time.

HERE ! LEEPS WINGATE

SOMEWHERE in the Naga hills of Burma there stands a simple teak cross and bronze plaque, put there by the Chindits, in memory of their gallant and beloved leader, Major-General Orde Wingate, DSO, who died there in a plane crash.

The cross and plaque were made in the Chindit workshops, and the Chindits travelled 250 miles, through jungle and torrential rain to place the simple memorial on the actual site where the leader fell.



Up Above

Men of the RAF in training for air crew duties have been helping to repair roofs damaged by flying bombs in Southern England.

AN UNSUSPECTING GERMAN

CLICKING his heels politely, a German officer came up to a table in a Rome café at which a young man in civilian clothes was sitting. Might he share his table?

This was long before Rome had been reconquered for civilised life, and the politeness of the German was unusual. What was still more unusual was that the German, speaking good English, explained that he could not speak Italian or French. Could the gentleman at the table speak English at all? Yes, he could in fact speak that tongue pretty well.

Their conversation was very interesting. Firstly because the German had much to say about Hitler's "intuitions" in Russia and Italy which the civilian was pleased to hear, since it scarcely showed the typical admiration of the Nazi. Secondly because the civilian was in fact Lieut Gilbert Smith, of Gravesend, captured at

Tobruk in 1942, and then hiding in Rome after a dramatic escape from his Italian prison-camp which the Germans had taken over.

What did the German officer really think? Did he take the British officer for a Czech or a Pole, a Croat or Slovene or Tsarist Russian, a Spaniard, a Hungarian, a Finn? Almost any of these was more likely to speak German than English. Well-disguised though he was, and very much at home after months in Rome, Lieut Smith's appearance, and his facility in the English tongue, might well have aroused suspicion.

But perhaps this particular German was not feeling suspicious on that fine afternoon. Or perhaps, more likely, he was glad to find anyone with whom he could talk freely in a city where the very walls oozed hatred for the abominable Hitler and all his works.

The Smith, a Mighty Man Was He

BLACKSMITHS and farriers (shoeing smiths) are now being trained in numbers by the United States Army, and American farmers and other horse-owners will benefit accordingly after the war.

Craftsmen of this kind have long been scarce, and only the other day an old-established smithy in the heart of London's West End closed its doors because there were no young farriers available to carry on for the retiring smith. Yet, despite mechanisation, horses—and horse-shoers—will always be needed.

At one time smiths were also skilled in human surgery and dentistry. One French smith of the 13th century used to link his patient's tooth to the anvil by wire, and then make the unfortunate one jerk backward by thrusting a white-hot horseshoe in his face!

Such training will not be included in any present-day scheme, which, incidentally, might well be the concern of London's two ancient City Companies—the Blacksmiths' and the Farriers'.

The latter was a Brotherhood as long ago as 1356, and gained the right to control the art of the farrier within 7 miles of London, in the reign of Charles II. It has

already done much for the craft of horse-shoeing, including the offer of prizes, some sixty years ago, for the best horse-shoes suited to the slippery paving of town roads.

In 1890 it instituted an examination and diploma for the "degree" of Registered Shoeing Smith (RSS), and in the last war helped to provide many men for the Army rank of Farrier-Sergeant.

But smith's work has always been as great a craft of peace as of war, and when peace comes we should see to it that neither the town nor the village smithy is cold for the want of trained craftsmen.

FORTITUDE

WHILE a Flying Fortress was returning from France it had to dive suddenly, and the jolt caused four bombs to break away and tumble about in the bomb-bay. The rear gunner entered the bay without a parachute, and began to put safety wires around the bombs. The bombardier entered at the other end of the bay to help him, and for 40 minutes they worked in the confined space until the bombs were secure. Then the doors were opened, and the bombs, one by one, dropped harmlessly into the Channel.

The Valiant Cockney

It is not youth alone, but age, that is blithely responding just now to the call for emergency labour in London. A few days ago two veterans arrived to make good the disturbed roof of a CN reader, who congratulated them on their skill and their cheery disregard of the latest form of Nazi nuisance.

"Well," said the less elderly of the pair, "of course me and my mate ought not to be on the job, really; I'm 64 and he's 72, but the young fellers is on more important work—beggin' your pardon, sir, for sayin' so, seein' as it's your roof we're a-doin'. But we'll manage all right, as you'll see afore we finish."

Discussing interruptions of their work that occur from time to time, he ran cheerily on: "Of course, when these 'ere blokes come over we nips dahn the ladder, but we soon nips back on top again."

While engaged on this particular roof they had occasion more than once to "nip dahn," but, the danger past, up-like steeplejacks they went again, and as often as not snatches of chanted jazz marked the progress of tiles replaced or new tiles substituted for the damaged or missing.

That is entirely typical of the spirit of present-day London, to which the Prime Minister has recently paid a tribute most richly deserved. It might be a salutary experience for Hitler to hear what our London workmen, with their fertile imaginations, propose for him; but they forget Hitler in a joke that heartens and uplifts the people whose damaged houses they restore with such wonderful speed and skillfulness.

THE SMALL FOLK

By a "Foreigner" at Land's End
"Did ye ever hear of the Small Folk?"

That was what an old man in a Cornish village said to me the other day. I looked quickly at him to see whether he was making fun of me, or perhaps spinning a tale, for to a Cornishman I shall be a "foreigner" however long I live here. But he was perfectly serious and friendly, and the remark had arisen quite naturally in the course of conversation.

He had been watching my baby toddling about, and laughing, "Little chap! Little chap!" And then he said it.

"Did ye ever hear of the Small Folk? Ye don't seem to hear of things now like ye used to. Man I knew when I was young—man over to Nanjizel; he was going home one night up along, by Skewjack, and he came on a party of them: Small Folk. He stood in by side of road to let them go past, and they never took no notice of he. Small Folk. Never hear of them now."

I asked what they were like, but he would only say, "Why, just Small Folk, you know," as though they were too familiar to need description. From his looks and manner I could tell he was thinking of them as quite solid, and about the size of my toddler.

EDITOR'S TABLE

Citizens of the World

THE new international spirit which is now glowing in the hearts of so many citizens was expressed the other day by the Prime Minister of New Zealand.

Mr Peter Fraser spoke of a new League of Nations backed, if necessary, by force; and of the desire of Australia and New Zealand for an international air service, or, at least, international control of the world's airways. Mr Walter Lippmann, the distinguished American, in a recent book, *War Aims*, suggested that the world should be divided into four orbits, or spheres of influence; but in his speech Mr Fraser rejected the regional idea, pointing out that as freedom threatened anywhere meant freedom threatened everywhere, every citizen in every country must regard himself as a citizen of the world.

The Sweet Solace of Labour

SPEAKING of the effect on the war effort of the BBC's Music While You Work feature, Mr Wynford Reynolds, director of factory programmes, said that in one factory where the relaying apparatus went wrong for a week the output fell by 20 per cent.

Mr Reynolds added that he does not know of a single case where a properly-selected music programme has failed to increase production. Dance music is popular with the young workers, but the older ones prefer the light orchestra.

Nearly twenty centuries ago the Latin poet Horace called music "the sweet solace of labour," and equally true it appears to be today.

JUST AN IDEA

If honesty were no more than the best policy there would be little credit in being honest.

CARRY ON

Greater Than All

KNOWLEDGE is power, the people cry,
Grave men the lure repeat:
After some rarer thing I sigh,
That makes the pulses beat.

Old truths, new facts, they preach aloud,
Their tones like wisdom fall:
One sunbeam glancing on a cloud
Hints things beyond them all.
George MacDonald

PLAIN IGNORANCE

I SEEM to myself to see one very large and bad sort of ignorance which is quite distinct... when a person supposes that he knows when he does not know; this appears to be the great source of all the errors of the intellect.
Plato

THE LONEL

AMONG the little evacuees who arrived recently at a town in the provinces was a little black boy. In one hand he carried a suitcase, but the other hand he kept clenched.

The Billeting Officer told the little fellow to sit quietly on a chair in a corner of the room, and proceeded to deal with the rest of the evacuees. The boy saw one after another of his friends being taken away to their new homes; but nobody seemed to be taking him. Presently the Officer saw tears trickling down those little black cheeks; and he felt a lump come into his own throat, for he knew what the boy was feeling. To reassure him, however, he said to the lad "You can come to my house; just let me finish with all these papers, then we will go."

The evacuee dried his tears. "Did you say I was going to live at your house?" "Yes." "Shall I sleep at your house?" "Yes." "And eat at your house, and play?" "Of course," came the reply. Thus reassured the little chap sat silent for a few moments. "Then you had better take this," he said, and unclenching his fist he handed the officer a very crumpled

Under the E

AN artist has to train his eye. Becomes a pupil teacher.

THE LCC is planning ninety big high schools. Extra high.

LONDON evacuees soon get into country ways. Especially by-ways.

STRAPHANGING in trains has come to stay. Even if passengers are suspended.

A WRITER says he wants time for reflection. And a mirror.

PETER WANTS KNC



If spectacular looking

The Source of

ALL through our history the Bible has been working in our people. It works in our lives in spite of all appearances, even in times like these when so many people feel that faith is dead. It is part of our speech and our literature. If there is something unique in the character of our race it is the glow that the Bible has given us, the something more, the spirit that has been behind all our reforms.

Our faith as a race has been built up on it. The foundation-stone of all our English creed is the sanctity of life, the liberty of thought, and the sacredness of human personality, and they come from the Bible.

Nearer Than Before

THE older we grow the more we feel that those who are gone are nearer to us than before.

Cardinal Newman

Y EVACUEE

envelope. The Billeting Officer took it, opened it, and with difficulty read, "Anybody who looks after my little boy will receive my undying gratitude." It was a letter from the boy's mother. There was also a P.S. "Please use the enclosed as you think best to make my son happy and comfortable." It was a twenty-pound note.

The morning after his first night in his new home the little black boy and his foster father went to the Post Office together. There an account was opened in the evacuee's name, and the first entry was "Paid in—twenty pounds."

Frozen and Unfrozen

THE New Zealand Government have changed the status of the rabbit, and made it a valuable export. It is stated that 1,750,000 frozen rabbits have this year been shipped, or are waiting shipment, to Britain.

Commenting on this, a correspondent writing to The Times from a Herefordshire farm remarks pointedly that over a million rabbits, *very much unfrozen*, "are consuming the food we try to grow in Herefordshire."

litor's Table

PUCK A SEA voyage may be dull. But never dry.

TO THE English boy knows how to stand fast. And run fast.

W GREEDY boys get more than their sweet ration. Want the sugar cane.

It is easier to get a house than rooms in some districts. But if you get the house the rooms will be in it.

NOT everyone can play light music well. It requires a brilliant pianist.

Our Creed

There is something deep in our hearts which carries us through all things. Certainly we suffer long; all the world acknowledges that "sticking it" is in our blood. We have never been beaten in a war or in a life-and-death crisis, and it is not through brains or organisation or military skill; it is our unconquerable mind, our belief in eternal things. The Englishman who will acknowledge no thought of religion in his head will go on believing that it will all come right. It is the Bible that has made him an optimist, whether he knows it or not.

Arthur Mee

FAITH

WHEN obstacles and trials seem like prison walls to be I do the little I can do And leave the rest to Thee.

F. W. Faber

Funny, Nevertheless

JUST as the ear is shocked by discord in music, so the eye is offended by an erroneous grouping of letters or words. It was surprising, then, recently to find one of our leading newspapers printing "inasmuch" as three words—in as much. Like forasmuch, inasmuch is a good Biblical word, and should be written and pronounced as a single word of three syllables, not as a phrase of three words. The following sentence illustrates the essential difference. Pour in as much milk as can be spared, inasmuch as I like a lot.

It was a somewhat similar misunderstanding that caused a little boy, when bidden by his teacher to furnish a sentence containing the word "notwithstanding," to write that the seat of his trousers was worn, "but not with standing"!

The Newer New York

HAS the New York skyscraper reached its limit? The tallest building there is the Empire State Building, which is 1250 feet high, more than three times the height of St Paul's Cathedral in London.

Now it is said that New York's Planning Commission has filed a proposal strictly to limit the bulk and height of all future buildings in the city. There seems to be a growing opinion that the present limitations are much too high, and that a very considerable reduction of bulk and height may be expected.

In the past New York, which has 34 buildings more than 500 feet high, has literally grown up. If the city is to expand from now on it must "spread."

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

WERE half the power that fills the world with terror, Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts, Given to redeem the human mind from error, There were no need of arsenals and forts. Longfellow

The Nurse and Her Lamp of Service

EFFICIENT, watchful, trim and neat, She trips about on willing feet; A kindly smile upon her face, Epitome of woman's grace.

Unspoken needs she understands And eases pain with gentle hands, For ever giving of her best No matter how severe the test.

A fount of mirth and common sense, Inspiring all with confidence, Her noble work she does with skill And makes the strongest do her will.

In peaceful days or war's dark night, She keeps the lamp of service bright; Right cheerfully she mercy shows And lives the highest that she knows. David Effaye

Famous Durham View in Danger

NATION-WIDE interest has been aroused over a proposal which, it is averred, will spoil the noble view of Durham Cathedral on its massive rock above the River Wear.

An Electric Supply Company have planned to erect a gigantic electric generating plant, to cost £3,500,000, at Kepier on the outskirts of Durham. On behalf of the Bishop, the Chapter of the University, and the Durham Preservation Society, an appeal has been lodged with the Minister of Town and Country Planning for a public inquiry, and this has been granted.

The case against the proposal is that there will be two 350-foot chimneys, which will rise higher than the cathedral towers, three cooling towers of 260 feet, and other buildings in proportion. These would seriously detract from the amenities of Durham and ruin the view from the railway of the Cathedral and Castle, which, the Dean of Durham declares, has hardly a rival in Europe.

A Pertinent Question

The case in favour of the proposal, as stated by the managing director of the North-Eastern Electric Supply Company, denies that the power station, a mile or more to the north, would occupy the foreground of the familiar view of the Cathedral and Castle from the railway. The new power station, which, he points out, is urgently needed in industry, would be a structure of notable architecture, placed on a site which would give no offence to residents or travellers. Moreover, the promoters have been unable to find another suitable site.

The Durham City Council have decided not to oppose the project provided that no alternative site is available, the buildings blend harmoniously with the surrounding countryside, and there is control of the emission of steam.

This particular controversy raises a very pertinent question as to whether considerations of amenity and national dignity are to have a place beside considerations of utility, as Professor G. M. Trevelyan has expressed it.

In the near future very many buildings, large and small, will be erected in our land, and it is of the utmost importance that neither a great industrial structure nor a small house should be erected save after careful consideration of its siting and design.

In Italy many modern power houses have been erected on prominent sites, and experts hold that their architecture has respected and indeed enhanced the beauty of their neighbourhood. Battersea Power House, too, adds to the dignity of London. We cannot be sure, therefore, that the proposed power house at Durham would spoil a famous view, but we are convinced that there is a case for full inquiry.

GIANT PUMPKINS

SEEDS of a special kind of pumpkin grown in the Middle East were sent last year by a New Zealand soldier from Egypt to his home town in the Dominion, and have been grown there with remarkable results. One vine alone bore eight large pumpkins, one of which turned the scales at 82 lbs, and the smallest, which weighed 30 lbs, was no mean specimen. The total weight of pumpkins from one vine was over 400 lbs.

THE BATON IN THE PRIVATE'S KNAPSACK

THE world marvels, as well it may, at the astounding victories gained by the Russian armies. We, with America, have helped them with munitions; but mere multitudes of gallant men, however well equipped, are helpless without good leadership. Russia's victorious generals are men of whom, until the war was well advanced, not even the Allies had ever heard.

The Red Armies are indeed a Popular Front. The victorious General Chernyakhovsky is the son of a Jewish workman. General Rodimstev, the Tank genius, was a blacksmith. Govorov, Tolbukhin, Koniev, and Zhukov are of peasant stock. Rodimstev was a barefooted shepherd. These miracle-workers, as they must seem to the arrogant, Nazi military caste to which they are opposed, have been trained in Russia's military schools as the war progressed, and have perfected their art on the actual field of combat.

Of course, the marvel is not without precedent. Cromwell, the plain countryman, formed his invincible Ironsides from men like himself, with rustic stalwarts previously unversed in war; immortal Admiral Blake never set foot on board a ship-of-war until he was 50, when, with only eight years to live, he made us, who had become a byword among maritime nations, monarch of every sea.

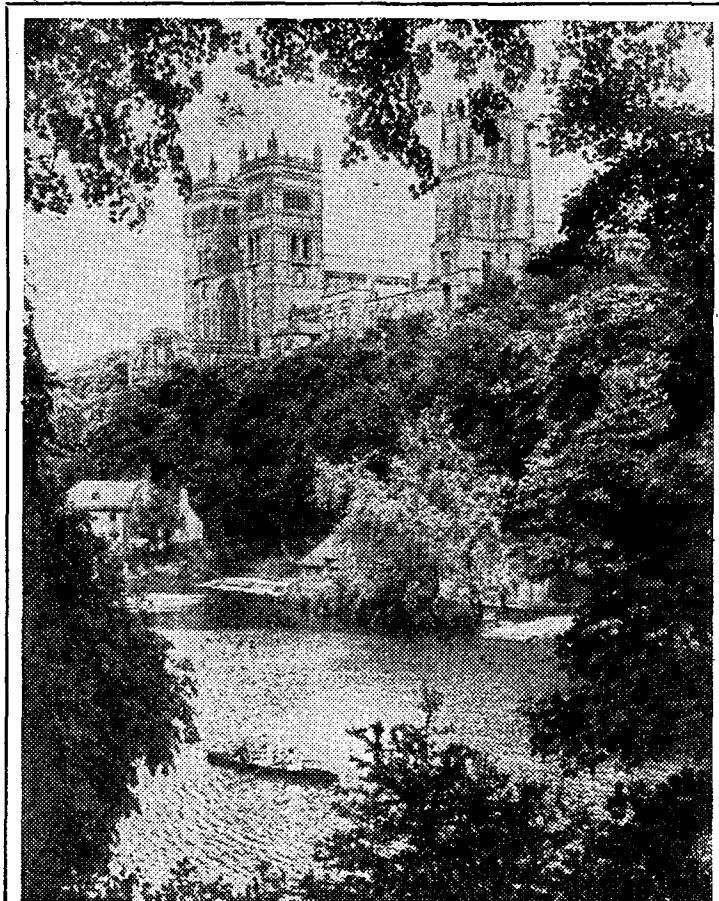
The closest parallel is, however, that of Napoleon's triumphant legions. There is this in common between the self-made emperor and Marshal Stalin: Napoleon was a poverty-stricken youth in a threadbare uniform when he passed from his school to the army, while Stalin, son of a peasant home, has known want, and, thanks to his passion for reform, has endured exile during the Tsarist régime.

Napoleon created his Marshals

as Stalin now creates his—not from reasons of birth, but as a reward for efficiency. The Marshals who brought resounding glory to the eagles of Napoleon were nearly all men of lowly origin.

Bessière quitted the poorest of obscure homes to join the Revolutionary army as a private. Jourdan was a shopkeeper's apprentice before girding on the sword. Lannes, paragon of tenacious valour, son of a stable-keeper, was a dyer's apprentice. Massena, most gifted of Napoleon's Marshals, had a Jewish wineshop-keeper for father. The most picturesque of all, Michel Ney, acclaimed by Napoleon "the bravest of the brave," was the son of a poor cooper, and received but the most meagre education. Serurier was of lower middle-class stock, and Soult, though he had a country lawyer as father, became a soldier before he had means and leisure to become a scholar.

So there we have it: history, made by our unconquerable Commonwealth Army of peace-loving civilians turned soldiers, and again by Napoleon's stalwarts, each with a "Marshal's baton in his knapsack," repeats itself in Russia, where the peasants and artisans of yesterday, now Generals and Marshals, are routing the long-trained Nazi leaders whom Hitler had confidently regarded as destined to achieve for him the unchallengeable mastery of the world.



THIS ENGLAND

Durham Cathedral on its hilltop above the River Wear. See previous column

Master Standfast and Company

This is the story of how a gallant band of seamen and a handful of little ships have constantly run the German blockade to bring home vital cargoes from Sweden.

WHEN the Allied troops finally evacuated Norway in June 1940 there were many outstanding contracts with Sweden for ball-bearings, engine parts, pig iron, and steel. As all these were urgently needed the German blockade had to be beaten.

In the Swedish village of Lysekil, and in the town of Gothenburg, Mr William Wareing, a ball-bearing expert formerly with the British Legation in Oslo, set up a secret organisation of British engineers and Swedish stevedores. In January 1941 five Norwegian merchantmen, manned by Norwegian and British crews, slipped out of Gothenburg and successfully ran the gauntlet to Britain. Later in that year a new Anglo-Swedish contract was drawn up, and ten Norwegian ships prepared to sail for England. But the Germans took the matter up in the Swedish courts, and by the time the ships were released, in March 1942, the Germans had drawn their net more tightly round the western shores of Sweden, and had heavily mined the waters. Consequently, when these ships did sail only a very few got through.

It was clear that we could not keep on sustaining such heavy losses, so a daring blockade-running scheme was planned.

Three fast motor vessels were built, and two other ships were converted, all in England. It was of primary importance that these ships should be very speedy and have a large cargo capacity, while at the same time they had to be small and of shallow

draught. For this reason their crews of 20 volunteers each— young men, mostly from Hull— were very cramped, and no space could be spared for cooking facilities. The five ships were christened Master Standfast, Gay Corsair, Gay Viking, Hope-well, and Nonsuch. For the outstanding daring they displayed in sailing them their captains, each of whom had in his cabin a picture of Drake, won the OBE.

It is recorded that when the first blockade-runner, the Gay Viking, reached Lysekil last year, practically the entire population of 5000 souls, including the German vice-consul, turned out to see her enter the harbour.

Exploiting darkness and sea mists to the full, armed only with anti-aircraft guns, these ships have often made their 400-mile dash in the teeth of a raging tempest. But, with incredible daring, skill, and luck, they have survived—all except the Master Standfast, which was captured.

WILD FRUIT JAM

SO serious was the damage done by frost to the soft fruit crop this year that the Ministry of Food have appealed to country people to gather all the wild fruits possible for jam-making.

Blackberries, crab-apples, bilberries, quince, and wild strawberries are particularly required. Women's Institute officials have arranged with local Citizens' Advice Bureaus for children and adults to pluck the wild fruit crop, and to expedite its delivery to the nearest of the thousand jam-making centres in our land.

VILLAGE CRICKET

VILLAGE cricket speaks of England, of much that is characteristic and best in English life. We think of the village cricket field, surrounded by trees in all their summer green, the church spire pointing quietly to heaven, and rich fields spreading as far as the eye can see. We think of long summer afternoons spent playing, or watching the game.

Mr Edmund Blunden, the well-known poet, has written a book about cricket which he has called *Cricket Country*. Mr Blunden is a cricketer himself, and has much to tell us of the joys of village cricket. Village life produces characters, rich and ripe and rare, and Mr Blunden tells us about some of those whom he has met in the village team.

There were the clerical cricketers. "Our own Vicar," says Mr Blunden, "was the greatest example of these whom I ever saw." Mr Blunden declares that he marvelled to see the Vicar on Sundays conducting the duties of his office with dignity and decorum. "I secretly marvelled," writes Mr Blunden, "that this should be the same man who yesterday kept wicket and slaughtered the over-pitched ball with such absolute, single devotion." When the Vicar was observed to have a few words with a choirman in the vestry before the service it might, of course, have been some theological topic which they were discussing. But Mr Blunden had his doubts. "I did get the impression that the Sunday paper had not been safely delivered at the Vicarage before the Vicar left, and that some inquiry such as 'How many did Kent make altogether?' or 'Did the Australians put us in then?' was made and answered."

Mr Blunden depicts for us many a delightful scene. He tells, for example, of the village blacksmith coming out straight from his shop to play his innings, and getting ready to smite the bowling lustily. That must have been a rare sight indeed.

Mr Edmund Blunden has written a delightful book. He does not confine himself to village cricket, but tells us also about the professional game. His book will bring back the memory of many a famous match, many a famous player.

Three Fatal S's

IN *The Farming Ladder*, a recent book by George Henderson, who built up one of the best farming businesses in the country on a capital of a few pounds, are stories of boys on the land.

Describing the type of boy he found most satisfactory on his farm, he writes: "An enthusiastic Boy Scout, other things being equal, is almost sure of the job for there is much in Scout training which is invaluable on the farm."

Mr Henderson says that three fatal S's—Smoking, Swearing, and Standing about—are a sign of inefficiency on a farm. They betoken the man who cannot think without lighting a cigarette, the man who shows his irritation when things go wrong, and the man who cannot tell himself to get on with the job.

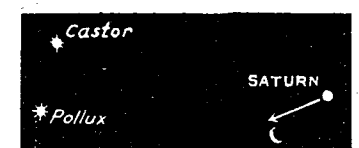
Mr Henderson has been supremely successful in training boys, and many of his pupils are now farming their own land.

Saturn Reappears in the Morning Sky

SATURN is now coming into good position for observation in the early morning sky, where he may be easily identified in the east, writes the C N Astronomer. About an hour before sunrise will be the best time to seek Saturn, before the rising dawn dims him overmuch.

The accompanying star-map will aid in identifying Saturn for certain, because away to the left are the two bright stars Castor and Pollux, which appear of about similar brilliance to Saturn.

A little later on the Crescent Moon will be an additional aid for identifying the planet, for on the morning of Tuesday, August 15, the Moon will appear



to the left of, and at a lower altitude than Saturn, as shown in the picture, while on the morning of August 14 she will be about as far away to the right of Saturn, but then at a higher altitude. The arrow on the star-map indicates the apparent distance Saturn will travel in the next two months, during which time he will come about 85 million miles nearer to us and consequently will increase in apparent brilliance. At present he is 906 million miles away.

This lovely ringed planet will appear at his best and brightest during the coming apparition of 1944-45, because his Ring System will open at its widest and also because of the high altitude Saturn will reach in our skies. He will appear not far from overhead in the coming winter nights. Saturn will also come nearer to us than he has for 28 years, because he is now approaching his perihelion, or nearest point to the Sun. This brings Saturn almost 100 million miles nearer to us than when he is at aphelion, or his farthest from the Sun.

Thus all these circumstances will combine, this year and next, to make Saturn of exceptional interest. Observed telescopically,

his flattened sphere will be seen suspended in the midst of his three concentric Rings. The periphery of the outer Ring will be quite complete, extending both above and below the globe of the planet, being seen as a vast oval which, at its greatest expansion this year, will amount for its longest diameter to 46 seconds of arc as compared with 20 seconds for the Ring's shortest diameter.

The southern or "underneath" side of the Rings is now presented toward us and the main division between them, known as Cassini's, and which is about 3000 miles wide, may be seen to advantage. A telescope with only 2 inches aperture will show these two Rings together with their division, Saturn as a radiant belted ball in the centre with Titan, the largest of Saturn's moons, travelling round the Rings in the course of every 16 days. This moon has a diameter of 3550 miles, and from its distance of 758,000 miles from Saturn, this world with its grand array of Rings must present a splendid spectacle and a very mysterious one, because, should people exist on Titan, they would never see the Rings much more than edgewise and never as we see them now. Instead, a very wonderful long streak of light formed from innumerable tiny moonlets would alternately become visible and invisible, waxing and waning as Titan sped round the outer edge of the rapidly-revolving mass composing the Rings.

Dr G. P. Kuiper, of the McDonald Observatory in America, has recently made the discovery that Titan, unlike our Moon, has an atmosphere, which has been revealed spectroscopically. In this atmosphere methane is present, thus indicating that the atmosphere is in this respect like that above the dense cloud layers of Saturn itself. G. F. M.

ANTARCTIC RESEARCH

A JUMPING-OFF ground for Antarctic exploration and research is once again to be provided by the dependencies of the British Falkland Islands.

The work will be in charge of Lieutenant-Commander Marr, R.N.V.R. who as a Scout took part in Shackleton's last Antarctic expedition in the *Quest*. The South Orkneys, the South Shetlands, and South Georgia are the nearest to the South Pole of all Britain's island-colonies, and the Rymill expedition just before the war proved that the British dependency of Grahamland is actually a part of the Antarctic continent itself.

These southernmost dependencies are lands of ice and snow, with little life of any kind upon them. They are, however, within reach of some of the richest whaling areas in the world, and in the past whaling was carried on so intensively that there was a danger of too many whales being killed. For

the last 25 years the British Colonial Office has been grappling with this kind of problem, and in 1923 an Executive Committee was set up to carry out Antarctic research work, mainly on whaling matters. This Committee was known as the Discovery Committee, because it began by using the famous Discovery ship of Captain Scott's South Polar Expedition.

So the new research work is carrying on the great tradition of the Royal Research ship that once belonged to Captain Scott himself.

New Scottish Coalfield

NEGOTIATIONS are in progress for opening up a new coalfield in Western Scotland.

There are said to be large deposits of coal available in the Machrihanish district of Argyllshire. Boring has been taking place at three sites where much coal is available; some estimates for the new coalfield are as high as 70 million tons.

BEDTIME CORNER

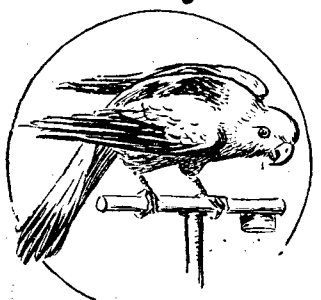
A Day With Granny

MARK was delighted when one morning Daddy said he must go to town on business, and would take Mark with him to spend the day with Granny.

You might think there would not be much in an old lady's house for a little boy to do, but Mark never found it dull. There was a collection of curios from foreign countries, with which Mark was allowed to play; Flash, the terrier, was always ready for a scamper in the garden, and there was Bill, the parrot, who would strut about the drawing-room, perch on the back of Granny's chair, and hold long conversations with her, though Mark could never get a word out of him.

After lunch, when Granny settled down for forty winks, Mark amused himself by arranging the curios on a table—the ivory pagoda, the dwarf trees, and a procession of elephants.

"Now I must put Buddha in the temple," he thought, but he could not find the little jade figure anywhere. Mark grew worried; Granny would think he was careless; but how could Buddha have got lost by himself?



When Daddy came and they sat down to tea, Mark told of Buddha's disappearance. Granny was puzzled, but no one could think of an explanation.

"Bill's very quiet today," said Daddy, watching the parrot on his perch, apparently fast asleep.

But just then he stretched himself, blinked an eye, and croaking hoarsely "Naughty boy!" hopped down from his perch on to the sofa, and locked in such a knowing way at one of the cushions that Mark pounced on it.

Underneath was the little green Buddha!

Everyone laughed heartily, and though Granny scolded Bill, she really thought he was rather clever!

Home, Sweet Home, Tomorrow

A NEW publication, *Design of Dwellings*, published at one shilling by the Stationery Office, and obtainable at any bookstall, is bound to influence the post-war building to which we all look forward with such eagerness.

This is the report to the Ministry of Health by a committee under Lord Dudley, and deals with the future design of houses such as are built by local authorities; and it is based on evidence from all kinds of well-qualified sources—from the Royal Institute of British Architects to the Mother's Union, from the City of Birmingham to rural districts.

The committee, after consulting housewives as well as housing experts, have wisely recommended all local authorities to think always of the housewife, and to appoint suitable women to their housing committees. Too often in the past, they say, the most that was hoped for a council housing estate was that it would be "unobtrusive," and they hope that in future local authorities will be concerned with enhancing the beauties of the town and countryside.

The design of a house is of considerable importance, and the suggestion is that it should have at least three bedrooms and two living-rooms, including a "utility" room for laundry, cleaning, and so on. There is need for a cheerful living-room where food can be cooked and eaten, and a plan is given show-

ing a working kitchen joined to a living-room which has a dining recess for meals. The working kitchen is very well fitted, but we deplore the omission of a refrigerator.

Windows should be bigger than in the past, and the sink, so important an item, should measure at least 24 inches by 18, and 10 inches deep. The pipes should be hidden; the bath should be 5½ feet long, with tiling at least a foot high above it; the wash-basin should have a shelf, and there should be a heated towel rail in the bathroom.

Women's Influence

The influence of women has been most marked in the matter of better equipment and fittings. Among the recommendations are better heating arrangements, cooking facilities, kitchen fittings, constant hot water, better storage, more connections for light and power, and better day-lighting. The minimum kitchen equipment should be sink, two draining boards, work-table top, plate rack, store cupboard, dresser, broom cupboard, and open shelving; built-in clothes' cupboards are suggested for each bedroom, and there should be a full-length ventilated linen cupboard.

The cost of such houses, if the committee's counsel is taken and building costs are reduced, would be roughly about £700 each; the rental of such houses would be about 13s 1d a week apart from rates. It should be clearly understood, however, that the matter of building costs remains to be settled, and the committee do not disguise their opinion that unless the present inflated costs are brought into line with the cost of living, the Government programme of three or four million houses will never be completed. The committee therefore assume that action to reduce building costs will be taken, and that they will eventually be stabilised at about 30 per cent above those of pre-war.

Design of Dwellings is a publication of absorbing interest to all home-makers, of today and tomorrow; and it is probable that the Minister of Health will announce that many of the Dudley Committee's plans will be adopted as standard.

HOSPITAL STUDENT

JOHN FERRY, a 16-year-old Ryhope secondary school scholar, is probably the only student in the country to receive a special dispensation from Oxford to sit for the Oxford School Certificate examination while a patient in a war emergency hospital.

John was in a hospital in County Durham with one side of his body encased in a plaster cast, and the examination was conducted in a ward full of wounded soldiers from Normandy.

Three years ago John was in the same hospital suffering from concussion received during an air raid in which his mother and sister were killed.

THE MEDWAY PLANS AHEAD

THE Medway district, in which that great social reformer, Charles Dickens, lived in the 19th century, is today showing the way to promoting the well-being of the people.

Here the leaders of industry have set up a Full Employment Council of some 30 persons, equally representative of employers and employed. On the employing side are the three town councils of Rochester, Chatham, and Gillingham, the Medway Chamber of Commerce, the banks, the public utility services, the large employers, the building industry, and the transport services. On the employees side are the Engineering and Shipbuilding Unions and the Medways' Towns' Trade Council.

The Council holds it to be its first job "to collect, investigate, and report on facts and proposals concerning our common objective of sustaining, full employment under fair wages and conditions, with particular reference to the return of men and women with the fighting forces."

The Council has arisen out of the wartime work of sorting out production problems in the Medway area, in which were brought together Mr George Dickson as chairman, and Councillor Wal Blackmore, a trade unionist, as vice-chairman, of the local Committee of the Ministry of Production. Over four years' experience in this work convinced these men that this work should continue.

In a recent talk to the Chatham Rotary Club, Mr George Dickson, who has been elected Chairman of the Medway Full Employment Council, dealt with employer - employee relations, and urged as a fundamental conception that human beings must live in mutual aid groups, and that such groups must find democratic group leaders who will serve as well as command and lead. As Mr Dickson sees it, the ideal Christian life and the ideal Democratic life are generally the same.

SCOTLAND AS FOOD PRODUCER

MR TOM JOHNSTON, the Secretary of State for Scotland, has been giving some heartening particulars of the development of Scottish agriculture. Some 2,100,700 acres were under crops in Scotland in 1943, an increase of 43 per cent over the last pre-war year. That was 21,500 acres more than the tilled acreage in 1918 despite the loss of 300,000 acres in aerodromes and so on.

The 84,000 allotments in Scotland compared with fewer than 20,000 in 1939, and a high point of

The Plane That Casts Its Wings

AIRCRAFT designers have long been considering the idea of a slip-wings to enable aeroplanes to take off with heavier loads, yet without sacrificing the better performance of monoplanes.

The principle of the slip-wing is that the aeroplane takes off as a biplane, with twice the lifting surface of the monoplane and nearly twice its carrying capacity. When safely in flight the slip-wing is released in order to gain the faster speed of the monoplane. Only recently has a plane built on this principle got any farther than the drawing-board.

In 1940 the firm of F. Hills and Sons constructed a scale-model of an aeroplane fitted with a slip-wing, and tests in the high-speed wind tunnel at Farnborough proved there was no danger of the released wing striking the tail unit. Designed primarily as a monoplane, the upper (slip-wing) of this machine was mounted above the fuselage just clear of the cabin.

A full-sized aeroplane was built, and on July 16, 1941, it took off for the first complete test. At 4500 feet the upper wing was released, and although the machine dropped a few hundred feet the pilot never lost control.

Powered by a 200 h.p. de Havilland Gipsy Six aero-engine, and known as the Hillson Bi-monoplane, the aeroplane, when fitted with the slip-wing, has a weight of 1940 lbs, including its pay-load. Without the slip-wing—that is, as a monoplane—the machine could only take-off with a little more than half the pay-load, though, of course, it can safely carry the full load when in flight.

It is hoped that this revolutionary design will prove of great value to flying in the future.

A Real "Muzzle Puzzle"

AN eminent dog-lover is confronted with a real "muzzle puzzle."

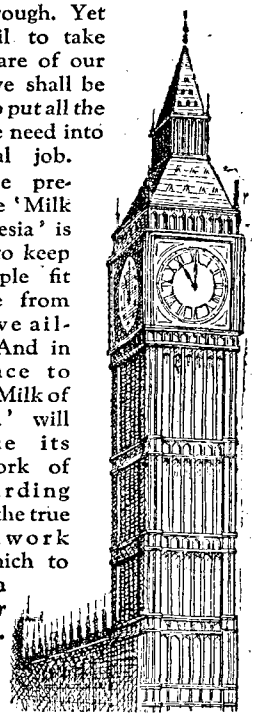
The term was used by William Hickey when commenting in the Daily Express on the work of Mr Maddison, who, ever since 1939, has been looking after bombed-out pets for that admirable institution the National A.R.P. Animals Committee. In that time Mr Maddison has evacuated more than 400,000 animals, mostly cats and dogs.

Now that the blitz has come again, and pets need evacuation "in bulk," the law presents the difficulty that if they do go away in great numbers, they must be muzzled—and there are no muzzles to be had. Furthermore, Mr Maddison has run short of dog-leads and cat-baskets, so things are altogether very difficult just now. A supporter at Burnley, in Lancashire, has offered him kennels for 200 dogs, and he would snap up the offer like a dog without a muzzle—if he could get 200 muzzles!

...when chimes the Victory hour...

...we shall have another job of work to tackle—winning the peace. It is a task that will call for new ideas and new energy. We have the sound good sense to see it through. Yet if we fail to take proper care of our health we shall be unable to put all the effort we need into this vital job.

At the present time 'Milk of Magnesia' is helping to keep the people fit and free from digestive ailments. And in the Peace to follow, 'Milk of Magnesia' will continue its good work of safeguarding health—the true groundwork upon which to build a better Britain.



'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

Trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

Famous for drawing!

For over a century Gillott's have made the finest quality and the widest range of drawing pens in the world... the favourites of famous artists. At present supplies may be limited, but the excellence persists.

By appointment to the late King George V.

Gillott's Pens

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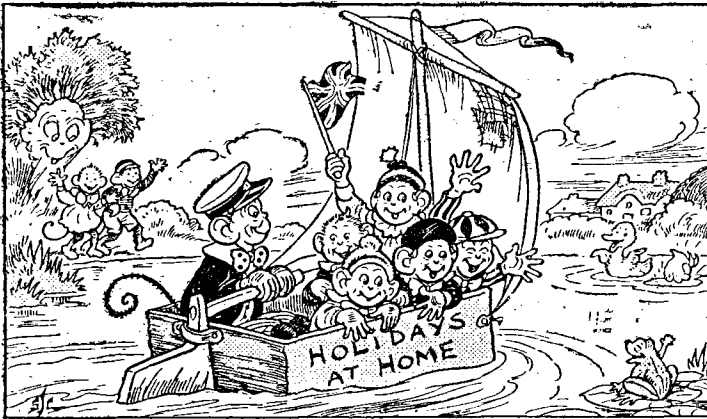
FORWARD TO VICTORY!

and

NORMAL SUPPLIES OF BASSETT'S ORIGINAL LIQUORICE ALL SORTS

Apologies to customers unable to obtain BASSETT'S—due to Zoning

Skipper Jacko of the Mary Ann



A few families in Monkeyville were going away this year, Jacko decided to help the Holidays-at-Home campaign. He made a boat from an old box and proudly launched it on the village pond. "Roll up! Roll up! for a free ride on the good ship Mary Ann," was Jacko's cry, and he did a roaring trade every day taking small parties for trips round the pond.

ANAGRAM

I AM a girl, a bloom, a tree.
My days are numbered, yes indeed.
Re-shuffle me and you will find
Another girl; and, if you'll heed,
A root that in West Indies grows.
(And now, young puzzler, on your toes.)

Lovely Florida

Wild and lovely is the land of the Everglades, a vast region of lakes and half-submerged islands in the American State of Florida. The wild orange, wild lemon, papaw, custard apple, and wild rubber flourish luxuriantly there, and rare orchids bloom; beautiful birds such as ibis, herons, and egrets stalk in the shallow water.

Saw grass, a kind of sedge with sharp-pointed leaves, grows thickly everywhere.

Nature News

THE scarlet clusters of the mountain ash, the crimson berries of the honeysuckle, and the red hips of the dog rose are beginning to brighten the hedges.

In August, bird life is quieter everywhere, though a few birds like the yellow hammer, goldfinch, and moorhen, may still be carrying out nursery duties.

JUMBLED GAMES

IF you re-arrange the letters of the following words and phrases properly, they will spell the names of six games:

IN NEST BOLT FOAL
BLOWS STRAD
RACE LOSS HARD GUST

Answer next week

Completely New

"I WANT to write a really original article on some subject that has never been written about before," said a conceited author. "Can you suggest anything?"

"Why not write an appreciation of your own work?" said his candid friend.

HOW AUGUST GOT ITS NAME

THE eighth month is named after Augustus, the magnificent Roman Caesar in whose reign Jesus was born.

As July was named after Julius Caesar, the Romans thought Augustus would be jealous if he did not have his month too; and, in case he should be envious of July's extra day, they gave it a day from February.

The eighth month was chosen for Augustus because in it some of the most glorious events of his reign happened.

The Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC programmes for Wednesday, August 2, to Tuesday, August 8.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 Songs by the Snowflakes, conductor Eira Novello Williams; followed by The Truth about Towser, a story by Antonia Ridge.

THURSDAY, 5.20 The Wind in the Willows, by Kenneth Grahame, arranged as a dialogue story. Part 3—The Wild Wood, followed by the feature, From America.

FRIDAY, 5.20 The Lovely Elin Vannin, a programme of songs and stories in which you can hear men, women, and children from the Isle of Man, including Robert



SHUTTERS UP

A MAN set up shop at Killowen, But found that there wasn't much doing.

In three weeks or more
He took fifteen and four,
Then thought it was time to be going.

Find the Dog

HARRY went out and his dog went with him; the dog went not before, nor behind, nor on one side of him. Where did he go?

A Simple Catch

IF you suggest to a friend that he cannot jump over a stick which you are going to put on the floor (without first moving it), he will probably smile unbelievably. But the laugh will be on your side when you place the stick right up against the skirting board or wall. But do not choose a stick with a crook or your friend may laugh last.

Other Worlds

IN the evening no planets are visible. In the morning Saturn is low in the east. The picture shows the moon as it may be seen at 10.30 p.m. BDST on Friday, August 4.



HIS OPPORTUNITY

"SHALL I have a chance to rise here?" asked the ambitious youth.

"Certainly," replied the manager. "I shall want you to be here at seven o'clock every morning to open the office."

Nature's Scissors

THE leaf-cutter bee makes a burrow in a tree or the ground, and then lines it with leaves. To do that it must cut the leaves to the right shape, and Nature has provided it with jaws exactly fit for this purpose.

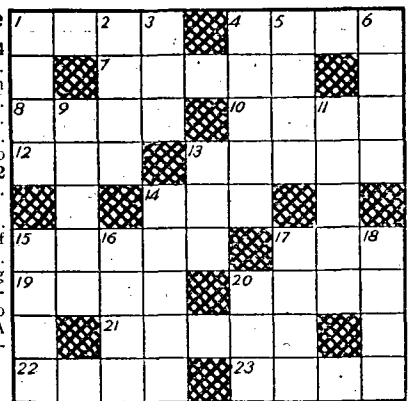
Though they do the work of a pair of scissors, the human cutting invention they most resemble is a pair of hedge-clippers.

Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 A ballot. 4 Demands. 7 In upright manner. 8 This is isolated by water. 10 French river which joins the Seine. 12 Nothing. 13 Flies from a bow. 14 A kind of vase. 15 Open to view. 17 A valuable metal. 19 This makes the sentence. 20 To dwell. 21 A glossy silk fabric. 22 Bearing. 23 A mark made by a blow.

Reading Down. 1 A blood canal. 2 To number. 3 Before. 4 Source of the mighty oak. 5 To incite to action. 6 To boil slowly. 9 Used for separating smaller from larger particles. 11 Impenetrable. 13 Skill. 14 Belonging to the town. 15 An egg. 16 Gaelic. 17 A tooth of a fork. 18 A lizard-like amphibian. 20 To command.

Answer next week



THE BARBER'S FIRST JOB

NOWADAYS so few men grow beards that we look upon the barber as the man who cuts hair rather than beards. Barbe is the French for beard, so that originally the barber was chiefly known for trimming beards.

Shifting the Blame

"You always used to complain that your gun didn't shoot straight," said one farmer to another; "but now that you have a new gun you still miss." "Well," was the reply, "now the rabbits don't run straight."

THE THREE MUSTARDEERS go full steam ahead

To the Rescue



THE train was about to start. The guard had whistled, and was waving his flag. Suddenly, three young figures dashed to a carriage door, opened it, and flopped into seats, almost exhausted. Two men were the only other occupants of the compartment, and one growled savagely at the Mustardeers—"What do you mean by dashing into a carriage like that? And don't you know this is first class?" "We're sorry, sir," replied Roger, recovering his breath; "but we simply had to catch this train." The man fumed and scowled, and after some angry muttering, lapsed into silence. But his companion was taking the situation differently. He grinned broadly at the Mustardeers and Roger smiled back, as he caught an unmistakable wink. The Three Mustardeers then settled down to a conversation which was little louder than a murmur.

The man who had grumbled still stared at them, but his more cheerful companion was now looking out of the window, his arm along the window frame, his fingernail tapping the woodwork as though playing an accompaniment to the noise of the train as it ran over the sleepers.

Suddenly Roger said to Jim and Mary: "Let's go along the corridor to see if Tom got on." "But—" Mary was about to expostulate, when Roger impatiently said: "Oh, come on and don't argue." They trooped into the corridor, and four or five yards from their compartment door

Roger whispered: "Look, you two go back into the compartment and stay there, I'm going to see the guard. The man who is sitting near the window—the one who was smiling—is in trouble. The man with him—I don't know whether you noticed, he doesn't show his right hand—he has it behind the other man, with a revolver in it. Go back and act as though nothing's wrong."

About ten minutes later Roger rejoined his companions in the compartment. "It's no use; Tom must have missed the train," he said. And the Three Mustardeers chatted away as though nothing sinister lurked in their compartment.

On and on steamed the train. Then gradually it slowed down as it approached a station. Roger jumped

to the open window, took off his cap and yelled, as though greeting somebody excitedly. The train pulled up. Immediately, two men ran to the compartment door, and swung it open. At the same time the guard entered from the corridor. The man next to the window sprang suddenly across the lap of his companion, as—phut—the revolver coughed, its noise deadened by a silencer. Immediately there was pandemonium. But soon the man with the revolver was a prisoner. As the rescued man showed a card to the plain clothes detectives who had met the train, they seemed to treat him with great deference. He murmured a few words, and they walked away



with their prisoner, securely handcuffed. Then he turned to the Mustardeers.

"Thanks, youngsters," he said. "I took a chance on one of you knowing Morse, and hoped that you'd get my message as I tapped it out on the window frame." "I got the message all right," said Roger, "and passed it on to the guard, and he telegraphed along to the station to have you met. I had to show which was the compartment by waving my cap. But what's it all about, sir?" "I can't tell you too much," the man replied "except that he's a dangerous Nazi Agent who had happened to turn the tables on me. I was going to be in for a pretty rough time when he got me to his hideout. But we've swung the tables back again, and he'll be safe for quite a long time."

Said Jim: "That's a happy thought, as the mother replied when her boy said he thought he'd try some mustard on his meat."

THE MUSTARDEERS' OATH

We will have mustard whenever we can get it. It makes good food taste better. It helps us to keep healthy and strong. We will have Mustard—

Colman's Mustard

Chest was raw with coughing until—



a dose of soothing 'Pineate' Honey Cough Syrup brought immediate relief and restful sleep. 'Pineate' Honey Cough Syrup eases chest, throat and lungs and breaks up stubborn phlegm. It is delicious to take. Only half a teaspoonful will check a cough immediately. Buy a 1/9 bottle to-day. (Price includes Purchase Tax). Good for children too! Insist on

'Pineate' HONEY COUGH-SYRUP

THERE IS NO NEED TO LABOUR

the point of poverty, desolation and hardships of the people of Stepney. But by reason of their surroundings are not such people worth helping? Please give them a holiday from their trials. We have planned to give as many as possible a break this summer if sufficient funds are forthcoming. Will you help in this really needed work?—REV. PERCY INESOS, Supt., THE EAST END MISSION (Founded 1885), Bromley St., Commercial Rd., Stepney, E.1.

SHORTHAND

DUTTON ONE-WEEK SHORTHAND is accepted by the Services and examining bodies. Learnt in 12 2-hour lessons. Send 3d. Stamps for First Lesson. Write Dept. C.N.C. 92-3, Great Russell St., W.C.1.

IN ONE WEEK